

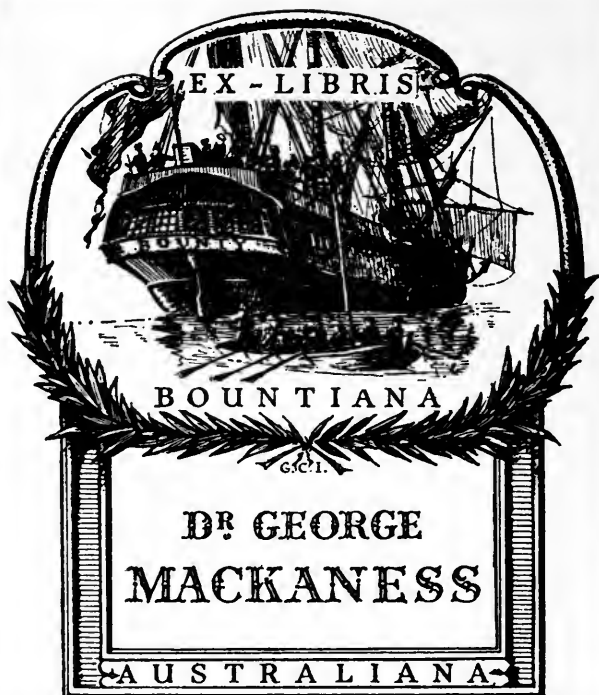
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“SPLINTERS ON THE WALL,”

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

“Narranghi Boori,”

(J. S. RYAN.)

With Illustrations by G. W. LAMBERT, FRANK MAHONY,
FRED LEIST, FRED BROWN and “PAS.”

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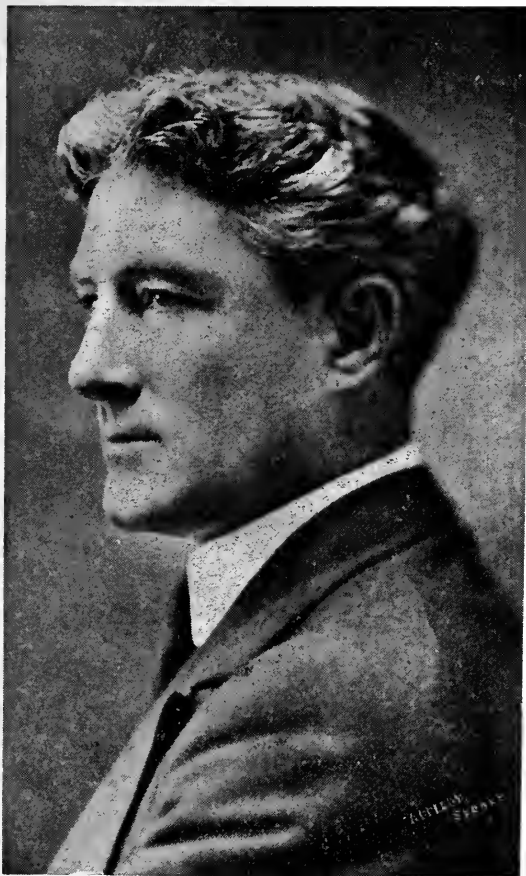
AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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I dedicate this book to one of Australia's greatest philosophers "Jack Shay" (Steve O'Brien).

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"NARRANGHI BOORI,"
Photo by Appleby.

(J. S. RYAN).

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THE SPLINTERS ON THE WALL.

As I lie within my humpy
 On a bunk that's hard and lumpy,
 And the wind without is singing
 Through the splinters on the wall,
 It is then that gloom or gladness
 Often alternates with madness,
 Just according to the music of
 The splinters on the wall.

To the lonely timber splitter
 All that's sweet and all that's bitter
 Are conveyed in certain measures through
 The splinters on the wall.
 I'm without a mate who mutters
 But the slush lamp as it splutters
 To the sighing and the crying of
 The splinters on the wall.

And there's nothing more elating,
 When the tempest is abating,
 Than the rollick and the frolic
 Of the splinters on the wall.
 It recalls forgotten pleasure
 Of my youthful days of leisure—
 And the angels whisper softly through
 The splinters on the wall.

Then the hopes that long have perished,
 And unfaithful ones I cherished—
 As the hosts of hell are shrieking through
 The splinters on the wall!
 I have sought to be secluded
 From the world, and was deluded,
 Till the pulse of all that's human
 Came a-throbbing at my wall!

You may dodge by calculation
 Any neighbour's accusation,
 But not the imprecation of
 The splinters on the wall!
 I've escaped the weary worry
 Of the world that's in a hurry,
 And I'm working on the Murray
 With the wedges and the maul.

But still it would be lonely
 In this silent gully, only
 For the howling of the demons through
 The splinters on the wall!
 Oh, hear that frightful screecher!
 'Tis a devilish beseecher
 For the soul of some poor creature
 Who is just about to fall!

'Tis the voice of human nature after all;
 'Tis the song of men and women
 Through the splinters on the wall!

* * *

NECTAR DIVINE.

In posthumous collaboration with Byron:

"Has wine an oblivious power?
 Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?"
 I want to be out in a shower
 When whisky impersonates rain.

I long to be "poddied" with beer;
 Have brandy on every shelf,
 To sink every thought that is queer
 And think all the day of myself.

And think of the friends that are mine,
 And bury my enemy deep
 In bowls of oblivious wine,
 And view him as common and cheap.

Yes, let me expand with a brew,
 And meanness expel by the pot,
 To say what I think to be true,
 And feel I'm a man, if I'm not.

THE MOCKING OF THE STARS.

I had rather pay the penalty of dreaming
 through existence!
 When your sanctified ideals have all suffered
 desecration
 At the hands of ruthless reason in its clamorous
 consistence,
 Whether in or out of season, never knowing
 variation;
 When your heart is blurred and misted and
 your soul has ceased persistence,
 When you've lost your love of living, and
 your love of earth's creation,
 And the only god to worship is a god of
 grim insistence
 With the name of "calculation" in whose
 bosom is damnation,
 There is but one cold soul-comfort which is
 far, far in the distance—
 'Tis the starry vault of heaven is your
 only consolation,
 When your soul is damned for ever by your
 reasoning persistence,
 And your brain is slashed with calculating
 scars,
 You will stagger in the night time craving
 fool-dreams from the distance,
 And you'll crave in vain to heaven 'neath
 the mocking of the stars!
 I had rather pay the penalty of poverty and
 misery,
 And suffer all the obloquy of dreaming.

* * *

WITHOUT CALCULATION.

Yes, there is death within the cup;
 But what is life without a sup
 Of wine about the place?
 Robust living life enhances,
 Never mind about life's chances—
 Death is sure in any case.

PUSHES.

Oh! pushes tough, and pushes strong,
 And pushes that are vicious;
 Oh! pushes rough, and pushes wrong,
 And pushes most suspicious.

The push of bowers, aces, kings,
 Of queens, and tens down-grading—
 Gregarious, precarious.
 Hilarious, down-shading.

From pushes, elegant, serene,
 To pushes coarse and ruffled—
 It's nearly time the social pack
 Was vigourously shuffled!

Some woo the churches, some the state,
 And one is law-embracing;
 While some "pinch" lead and play "two
 up,"
 And others live on racing.

The lot amalgamated con-
 Stitute a modern nation—
 From boodlers to the push who live
 On women's degradation!

But pushless and alone there stand,
 In truth and beauty glowing,
 The men of fine ideals, and
 The men who do the hoeing!

No glory shall he have who solves
 This tangled social puzzle.
 For crucifixion's out of date—
 They'll only use a muzzle!

THE BOTTLE 'OH.

I met him at his social club—
 The Royal Bobs Saloon—
 And his eloquence at once began to flow;
 He regaled me with his knowledge
 All the idle afternoon,
 And I listened to the learned Bottle-O

“Some people judge of character
 By readin’ of the palm,
 And some by just a-quizzin’ of the phiz,
 But to me there is a special
 Kind of interest and charm
 To spot the flaws of people through me
 biz.



“I don’t want no tic-tackin’
 From the stars or from your eyes,
 Nor indications from the way you walk.
 I know the people’s characters—
 I’ve got each person’s size—
 For the bottles that they empty simply
 talk !

“Now ‘here am I a-graftin’ at
 My ‘rounds of ‘Bottle O,’
 And the subbub is a-spreadin’ far and
 wide.
 There’s ‘whiskies’ here from Such-and-Such,
 And ‘beers’ from So-and-So,
 Collected by the servants from inside.

“The beer and whisky bottles
 Give you very little clue
 To the human disposition of consumers
 Because they're like the 'ruck of things,
 Dead level—strike me blue!
 A mob that hasn't no distinguished
 humors.

“But here's a house—a little house
 Three 'brandies' every week—
 Supply that don't get thinner nor get
 thicker;
 The one old bloke that lives there
 Keeps his liver all a-shriek,
 But you'll never, never, never see him
 'shicker.'



“Now, gin of course is low'ring—
 Here's four bottles at a gate,
 And the drinkers of that gin ain't hard
 to trace;
 They are two old pinched-up women
 Who have means, and get up late,
 And who use 'pearl' preparations for
 the face.

‘And let me tell you one thing
 (Leavin' bottles out awhile,
 And speakin' of the younger she-male
 section),
 That booze and love don't reconcile:
 Though booze will paint a fetchin' smile,
 It gooses-fleshes any girl's complexion.

"Now here's a heap of bottles,
 From champagne to lager beer,
 A-piled in one small yard beside their
 cases;
 The girl that trades the empties
 Has a morning eye unclear—
 You needn't write it down what that
 there place is.

"But of all the 'tricks' of houses
 Where I ever made a call
 (The evidence is here to suit the
 notion),
 Is the "dump" of one old bachelor
 Who doesn't drink at all,
 But dyes his hair, and rubs himself
 with lotion.



"Now here's a little bottle
 That contained a certain pill;
 It came from that there artist cove who
 drew me;
 And a bottle without label
 From Your yard gave me a thrill—
 And I'd never think it of you, neither,
 Bloom me!

THE WEALTHY LOWER CLASS.

Whatever be the judgement that adjusts
our economics,

And whatever be the sentiment that
makes our burden light,

And whether our emotions be the tragics or
the comics,

There is one thing pretty certain that this
life's a raging fight.

Well, we'll fight it or we'll shirk it, or we'll
loaf it, or we'll work it,

And we'll hail its gladsome morning or
we'll dread its awful night ;

If we glory as we live it ; if we mire it or
we mirk it,

We may seek in vain for peace, because
this life's an endless fight !

In gentility we fight it ;

In brutality we shirk ;

If we blotch it or we light it,

We must learn to loaf or work.

In our tenderest emotions all our tragedies
exist ;

In the purpose of endeavour we are **ever**
children, ever,

With our toys in triumph captured, or the
prizes we have missed—

And the prizes that we capture are our
prizes never. never!

Do I hear the slave a-cursing? never slave
had curse within him!

Do I hear the gentle moaning? well, we'll
let that question pass,

But my pity for the wretched is reduced
unto a minim

When I put it near my hatred of the
wealthy lower class.

I can face the storm of living

With a burnished front of brass ;

Still my curses I am giving

To the wealthy lower class.

THE FAILURE.

Yes, I've fought, and failed and fallen,
 Yet I'll fight and fall again ;
 Rather than I'd conquer, crawlin',
 Let me be an outcast, brawlin',
 Let me be the spurned of men.

Where's the virtue of succeeding
 If you cannot stand upright ?
 Where's the luxury of leading
 With a conscience that is bleeding ?
 I must fail, but I must fight !

If to win by ruthless measure
 Is the habit of the brave,
 Call me coward at your pleasure ;
 And some day, when I have leisure,
 I shall fill a failure's grave.

But this one principle has stood
 My soul's delicious balm—
 That if I did myself no good
 I did the State no harm.

* * *

THE OUTCAST.

I saw him standing in the dock
 Where I should be ;
 The sentence gave him ne'er a shock
 That I could see.
 I saw him leave the awful dock
 With dignity ;
 He smiled to me, that noble rock
 Of firm fidelity !
 He took my place and saved our name,
 And spared an honored house the shame
 Of my rank villainy !
 Who'd ever think that man could be
 Unselfishly so strong ?
 A miserable outcast he,
 A fellow who'd "gone wrong."

In ten years time, a ghost alive,
 The gaunt, grey man appears,—
 But how can human gratitude
 Survive so many years ?

PEGGING AWAY

How brave does it sound when you hear of
a chap

Who keeps pegging and pegging away;
He'll land himself safe into luxury's lap
On the morrow—but this is to-day!
And I've noticed that now is to-day all the
time,

And to-morrow is never to-day;
But to-day is the day that he squanders
his time

In his weakness for pegging away.

The world is made dull by this pegging
away.

And you're either the "it" or you're not
In the "joint" that you started, the very
first day—

This pegging away is all rot!
For supposing you take on a task that you
like,

And you work till your burial day—
You glory in every blow that you strike;
Well then don't call it pegging away.

But supposing you do keep on pegging away
(The plodder's a man without soul).
A thought might occur that will show you
some day

How to take a short cut to your goal;
And you'll say "What a silly galoot I have
been,"

At your labour that might have been play,
While repute will impart to your manhood
a sheen

As the chap who kept pegging away.

I hate mediocre far worse than damn bad,
Be you wrecked and be ruined, or climb,
But if your endeavour is making you sad,
Then this pegging away is a crime.
The dog's brilliant notion to "round up"
the moon

Is a laughable matter we say;
Well, the dog will achieve his ambition as
soon

As the chap who keeps pegging away.

A WEAK MAN TO A GOOD MAN.

My manifest virtues are fewer than yours,
And my life is a blanky sight bluer than
yours;

I'll take an oath strong
That both lives are wrong,
But mine has a sweeter allure than yours.

If mine be a trifle less pure than yours,
Less stodgily stiff and demure than yours,

I'll take an oath strong
That both lives are wrong,
But mine is a life that is tru'r than yours.

* * *

A BRASS-HAIRED GIRL.

Oh, tell me, you girl with the howling head,
And do tell me truly, I pray,
All that you saw, and you heard, and you said
As you battled around to-day.

"Well, I saw an old Johnnie look round a bit
His eye was ablaze and a-bound a bit,
But somehow he didn't look sound a bit,
And so I went my way.

"Then I heard a young man as I strayed
awhile,
Breathe into the ear of a maid awhile,
The sweet worded trap he had laid awhile
To lure the maid astray.

"And I said that the maiden was just myself,
Before I went out on the 'bust' myself,
For just as I thought I could trust myself
I slipped!—and so good day!"

Nay, hear me further, you injured one
With the hair of brass and the heart of
ice,
Had you ne'er a victim—a mother's son,
Who loved you in vain at a terrible price?

"There was a young man and he sighed a lot,
As he wanted me for his bride a lot,
Which merely incited my pride a lot,
And so I let him slide.

"He flattered me then with a tear or two,
Consoling himself with a beer or two;
He drank like a fish for a year or two
And then the fool, he—died!"

THAT WHICH ISN'T IS.

A kindness is a weakness,
 So a weakness is a strength;
 And noble patience is decried
 As laziness at length,
 Base Stubbornness shall oft usurp
 What Firmness claims as his—
 For everything that is is not,
 And that which isn't is.

A lot is but a little,
 And a little is a lot—
 For everything that isn't is,
 And that which is is not.

How frankness aids concealment,
 And how blushes cover vice!
 If you contemplate a nasty thing
 You're sure to find it nice!
 You will see that grace is clumsiness
 And clumsiness is grace,
 If you burrow into Nature,
 Far below her mocking face.

'Tis vice that makes the character,
 'Tis virtue makes the blot—
 For everything that isn't is,
 And that which is is not.

We elevate whom we despise,
 We love those that we hate;
 Your friends shall slay your character,
 Your foes shall make you great.
 Each fleeting smile within it
 Has a misery that's long;
 The jaundiced eye sees wrong in right,
 The clear eye right in wrong.
 There's but one mighty certainty
 On which to calculate—
 The day before to-morrow
 Is the one that's up to date.

Though isn't isn't isn't,
 And is is always is—
 Everything that is is not,
 And that which isn't is.

A COLD CALCULATION.

All nature in harmony swelling
 Is tuned in the pleasantest key,
 Save man, who is ever rebelling
 'Gainst man, and man's fierce sophistry.

Some fine social plans have been thought
 out,
 Man's sour discontent to reduce,
 But the noblest scheme ever wrought out
 Lends cause for the greatest abuse.

The riddles philosophers leave us
 Can't help us at all on our way;
 Their ancient thoughts only deceive us—
 They're misfit ideas to-day.

We are told that mankind never alters,
 And that is a truthful old saw—
 We still keep on chafing in halters,
 And kicking at human-made law.

A code is a fence around Eden,
 Which can't be got over, 'tis true;
 A protection for honesty's seedin'—
 But too many creepers get through!

You'll patch up the chinks? Oh, well try it;
 It's easy to do it, no doubt,
 But inside there's sure to be riot
 When Edenites cannot get out!

Who'd wish to see man a confection
 Of sweetness, and learning, and grace?
 The closer he gets to perfection
 The riper he is to grow base.

But freedom! sweet freedom we've sought
 for!
 For freedom in frenzy we call—
 But freedom that hasn't been fought for
 Has never been freedom at all.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

People think because I'm leary
 • That I don't know what is love:
 I make things pretty willin'

When I start.

I never tells my "klina"

‘ She’s a little tirtle dove,

But, strike me pink and brindle,

I've a heart.

You should see me in my Sunday.

"Clobber," down at Chowder Bay.

In company with Florrie,

Looking "koosh."

There's a hand of stoush awaiting

For the bloke that dares to say

She aint the shimest "klina"

In the push.

You say I don't know what love is

Well, I should think I do;

You ought to see my Florrie's handsome phiz!

I biff her till she's silly

Then I cry until I'm blind—

Well, if that ain't love, I don't know what love is.

When I'm hoarse from yellin' bottle oh!

And business is snide.

Her image is beside me in the cart:

I then go home and whack her

When I'm finished up my "yacker,"

It's the only way to keep a blanky tart.

Oh, bruise me! you should see her

When she's heavin' things about!

I know her little heart to me is true,

She nearly chewed my finger off,

And then I knocked her out!

O, she's my "klina," I'm her "hooty-boo."

You say I don't know what love is—

Well, I should think I do:

You swell blokes seldom know that passion's
law.

Your "klinas" rarely love you—

Well, you can't expect it much.

For you hardly ever biff' em on the jaw.

TRUST T' JIM.

He made the most of life,
Trust t' Jim,
And no amount of strife
Flustered him;
He'd cheerfully ignore
Disasters in galore;
Let worries howl and roar—
Trust t' Jim.

A sort of a Gibraltar,
Lusty Jim,
No dynamite could alter,
Trust t' Jim;
Till a silly little tart
With a view of being smart,
Pulled his leg, and fired his heart—
Busted him!

Now don't you laugh at Jim,
 Reader smart
 (He was armoured, more than you on
 The heart),
 For if e'er the gutter get you
 Through calamities that fret you,
 It's a million quid I'll bet you,
 It's a Tart!

THE GALLOP OF LOVE.

Come, gallop with me out beyond the
horizon,

Where happiness lies on the bosom of
night,

Where lovers may kiss, and without inter-
ruption

Of worldly corruption, or banning of
might.

Where Nature is worshipped in glory and
splendour,

And all that is tender may flourish un-
harméd;

Where hearts do not perish in hopeless
desiring,

And lovers admiring are never alarmed.

Come, gallop with me to the valley of
pleasure,

Where life can be leisure and women
be pure;

Where God has a treasure of joy beyond
measure,

Where men shall be brave, or shall cease
to endure!

Oh, come from the city of close suffocation,
Where garish damnation corrodes in the
soul

To the garden of dreaming, and love ever-
beaming,

Where Nature's enchantments in melodies
roll.

Oh, come in the surge of your youth, my
affinity,

Sweetest divinity, star of my night!

We'll fling to the winds all the love-days
we languish.

And cling in sweet anguish of swooning
delight!

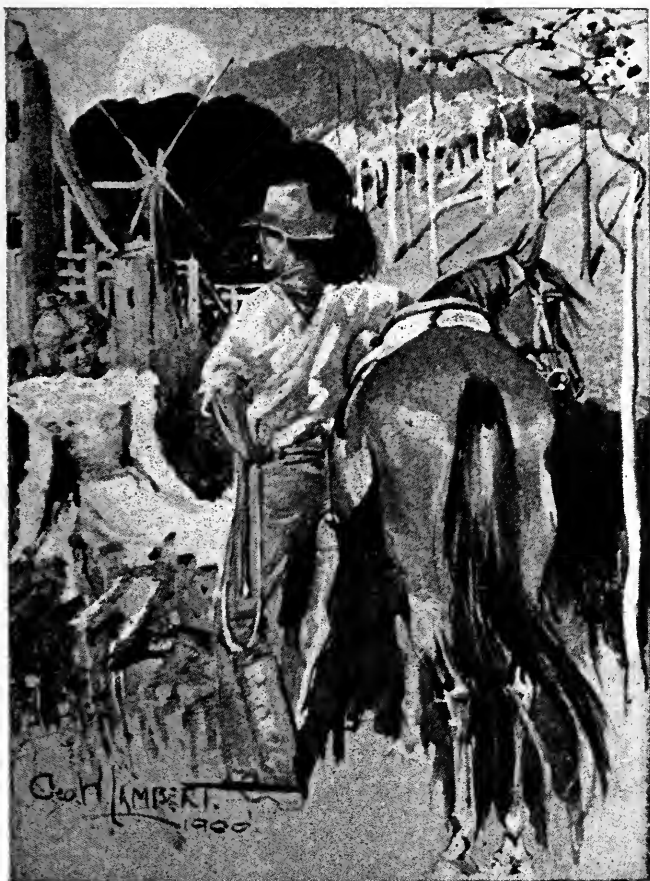
My blood is a-riot to seize you, and take
you

(And never forsake you) where Right is
the might!

Oh, come while the life in our veins is
a-rushing.

My beautiful blushing love angel of light!

STOCKYARD RUINS.



By the stockyard old and falling
 Golden butter-cups are smiling,
 And the bell-lird sounds a prelude
 To a chorus of delight—
 Such a twitt'ring and a calling
 In a harmony beguiling—
 As the spring displays her splendours
 To intoxicate my sight.

By the stockyard old and falling
 Is my Love, alone, reclining,
 As the heavens blend their colors
 In the mirrors of her eyes;
 And my name her lips are calling,
 To my love she is inclining—
 Now, will some one kindly tell me,
 Is this Earth or Paradise?

CISSIE'S EYES.

Let other fellows go and sing
 Of birds, and bees, and bush, and skies;
 I want to make the rhythm ring
 With praises of sweet Cissie's eyes.

I want to say no gem of earth
 Is worthier the name of prize,
 From Charters Towers around to Perth,
 Than Cissie of the lovely eyes.

I want to be the fellow who
 Could push the planets from the skies,
 To show her just what I could do,
 And find applause in Cissie's eyes.

I want to take the world, and throw
 That spheroid fifty ages back,
 Defying Time, in backwash flow,
 To wash off my immortal track.

Ambitions would not be a-dearth—
 With Cissie's eyes my heart's a-whirr—
 But since I cannot throw the earth
 I hereby throw myself at her.

* * *

THE YAWNING GULF.

There's a yawning gulf between a girl and
 me,

And here's the way that yawning comes to
 be.

A hundred feet above the level of the street,
 The window of this factory of metric feet
 Looks out across a gap between two build-
 ings tall,

The breadth of which is twenty feet from
 wall to wall.

At the window opposite she sits a-stitching
 bonnets,

While I am stationed here machining odes
 and sonnets.

To get a little closer to her smile, sweet
 smile

I feel inclined to leap the space 'tween pile
 and pile.

But should this metric missive catch her eye
 Will she, with downcast eyes of deepest
 brown

Look sweet on me—or shake her head, and
 frown?

A BARGAIN.

God granted him sweet woman's love
To crown and bless his life,
And he was happy far above
All men of earthly strife.

But, wearied soon of love's unrest,
He begged for fame instead,
And so God granted that request ;
And fame and he were wed.

But wondrous be the ways of God
Who helped his end to gain !
Fame could not give the balm of love
That one time soothed his pain.

* * *

LOVE MUST BE STARVED.

Love must be starved to flourish,
A plethora debilitates ;
Be careful how you nourish
(With nourishment that militates)
The person that you cherish ;
With too much kind attention,
Will a planted passion perish,
And there's something in convention
After all.

Will the heat of melting kisses
Fuse your object of desire
In a crucible that hisses
With your passion's molten fire?
Will you find reciprocation
To your tenderest appeal?
Yes, and plural palpitation
O'er your mystic senses steal—
All to pall !

* * *

WHO CARES ?

To sing a song asserting that the city's
sour and sad,
Is simply silly sickliness to sow a sorry
seed ;
So give us gay and godly goods of Gar-
gantuan glad,
To douche the dumps, and dash the dread
of dire and doleful deed.

THE OUTLAWESS.

Oh, eyes of keen desire!
 Oh, lips with love abloom!
 How slyly they conspire
 To set my heart on fire,
 And drag me to my doom!

Oh, she-ness of your wiles!
 Oh, he-ness of my heart!
 The glee-ness of your smiles
 Our we-ness reconciles,
 And rapture doth impart!

But do not swear to me
 To be entirely mine
 Through life's monotony—
 For love is always free
 That swims in eyes like thine!

* * *

EROTIC RECIPE.

It's all very well for a fellow to sit,
 And to soulfully sorrow and sigh,
 With a goo-gooish glamour a-gleam in his
 gloom
 And a love-loony light in his eye.
 But give me the fellow of devil and dash;
 If his love won't respond let him make
 her—
 The fellow who isn't afraid to be rash,
 Who'll jolly well go up and take her!
 And here's a straight tip for the man who
 would wed,
 When a glance at a girl makes him love
 her.
 Address her with words that proclaim you're
 well bred.
 But never in language above her.
 And don't be poetical—girls are not so,
 Just simply be free and at ease,
 And never let fanciful thoughts interfere
 With the genuine warmth of your squeeze.
 So mention this book when you're next mak-
 ing love
 (No household should e'er be without it).
 And try this advice as its given above
 And write to me early about it.

TO ELSA.

When those eyes were put in you,
 Elsa dear,
 There was mischief much to do,
 Elsa dear,
 For my heart they have encumbered
 With such lumbered sighs unnumbered—
 For a week I haven't slumbered,
 Elsa dear.

* * *

Perchance you think me utter-
 Ly "a sketch!"
 Would you see me in the gutter
 All a-stretch?
 Well, I wouldn't put it past you.
 Can my pleading long outlast you?
 For you know I love you, blast you!
 Little wretch!

* * *

BEAUTY.

They have talked to me often of duty,
 They have blown in my brain to be wise;
 But there's nothing before me but beauty
 That swims in some fair woman's eyes.
 I'll agree to be faithful to duty,
 I'll try all I can to be wise,
 If you'll first of all grant me some beauty
 With signals of love in her eyes.
 But I must, yes I must have some beauty
 Before I can try to be wise;
 To the devil with wisdom and duty—
 I'm in search of a sweet pair of eyes!

* * *

DREAM AND REALITY.

I think of you, dearest, all day;
 I dream of you, darling, all night;
 I sing of you, sweet, when I may—
 When editors' livers are right.
 Oh, you are the moon of my sphere;
 Each thought you inspire is divine;
 Each fancy you chasten and clear,
 My soul's very essence is thine!
 My dream is so exquisite, dear,
 No possible clashings can foil it;
 Except—the one thing that I fear—
 That you should come near me and
 spoil it!



ONE IMPERISHABLE KISS.

Your eyes were flint and mine were steel,
 One glance our love ignited;
 A passion we could not conceal
 Our very souls invited.

From ruder loves one breath of bliss
 Our better angels glean us—
 The mem'ry of our first pure kiss,
 The bound'ry fence between us.

THE HONOURABLE STOP.

Impulsive souls cannot resist
 Debauchery of mirth,
 Whose wanton lips, on being kissed,
 To hideous woe give birth,
 Then find out Nature's equipoise
 Which balances emotion,
 And stop the stream of rippling joys
 Before it joins Grief's ocean.

* * *

THE PENALTY.

The wife sought love, she cared not where,
 So it was strong and full of fire;
 The pulseless husband's life of care
 Had quenched his flickering desire,
 For he sought power in high estate;
 His manly strength Ambition beat;
 He worshipped her, and would be great
 To lay his laurels at her feet
 At last he wins position high;
 The victor's arms his wife enfold;
 He finds her cold, and wonders why—
 The other fellow could have told!

* * *

AGAPANTHUS.

Oh, Agapanthus, flower of love,
 The blossom God wears on his breast;
 I worship thee far, far above
 The images men claim as blest!

And as thy bloom enraptures me,
 And drugs my soul with perfume sweet;
 I'm on good terms with God, and he
 "Sit, Narranghi, at my feet!"

WHAT MAN WANTS.

First he wants air,
 And then he wants water ;
 Then he wants food
 And somebody's daughter ;
 For clothes and the rest
 He'd not bother about
 If somebody's daughter
 Would have him without.
 The food cometh easy,
 The air and the water—
 Man's driven to slaving
 By somebody's daughter.
 And if he escape
 From somebody's daughter.
 Then what is the use
 Of food, air, and water ?
 For bitter the food,
 And poison the water,
 That man doesn't share
 With somebody's daughter.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY.

My love is (could my love be seen)
 No detonating minx ;
 She's just about a cross between
 An angel and a sphinx.

Her soul is not encased in flesh
 That challenges desire ;
 Her sweetness is divinely fresh
 Than goddess-standard higher.

"Your love is not belonging to
 This weary world," he said ;
 "I strikes me pretty forcibly
 Your love is rather dead!"

I answered him with sneering glance,
 And true poetic scorn,
 "Gerrouit!" I said, "What blanky rot!
 Thine only not been born!"

THE GIRLS ON THE BLOCK.

Oh! the girls upon "The Block"
 Are an artificial flock,
 Without a sense of anything but frocking;
 And all practised eyes detect
 They are not what they affect—
 Well from them you can't expect cradle
 rocking.

In their gay transparent gowns,
 And their smiles like cracked-up frowns,
 And their imitation dignity absurd;
 See them gadding round "The Block,"
 See them dodge, and bump, and knock—
 Oh! they give my nerves a shock, on my
 word.

See that girl's patrician air,
 And her touch-me-never glare—
 It would do her good to wed a boilermaker.
 She prefers a sly affaire,
 With a Lord or millionaire,
 Or some other bird that's rare, who'll for-
 sake her;

How they joggle in the throng;
 Some are weak and some are strong;
 Diaphanous their culture and apparel.
 The blindest mortal traces
 Foreign color in their faces,
 While some parade the graces of a barrel!

Now, I give these silly skirts
 Nothing more than their deserts,
 And I know they'll say I have an awful
 "gall."
 For, however they are dressed,
 May they come and make me blessed,
 As there's room within my breast for them
 all.



WHEN THE PLANK IS DRAWN.

I on the steamer, she upon the pier;
 A stranger to her, she to me a stranger—
 My ocular advances brought a sneer,
 A sign that she anticipated danger.
 So then I took the hobbles off my eyes,
 And let them rip to trample an impression,
 Stampeding o'er her beauty, to surprise,
 Perchance, some slight reciprocal conces-
 sion.

But still she froze. until the plank was
 drawn ;
 And, as the boat was round the head-
 land turning,
 She challenged me with smiles of sweetness
 born
 And glances like to something that is
 burning.

* * *

That's how we rarely kiss whom we desire;
 Girls keep their love like bow-wows in a
 manger
 But give me girls who will return your fire
 Before the distance puts them out of danger.

THE IRISHMAN.

The hero of the human race,
 The Irishman;
 His honest enemies embrace
 The Irishman;
 The man to go the swiftest pace,
 Or suffer with a patient grace,
 And stare the furies in the face,
 The Irishman;

The man of nature infantile,
 The Irishman;
 Where others weep he wears a smile,
 The Irishman.
 He'll march straight on in single file
 As corpses fall on Celtic pile,
 So who is he that dares revile
 The Irishman ?

Who is the social favoured one?
 The Irishman.
 Who talks the brilliance of the sun?
 The Irishman.
 Who is the leader of all fun?
 Who'll fight and never, never run,
 And die, or see the battle won ?
 The Irishman.

Who loves, and never lets it pall?
 The Irishman;
 Who drops remarks that never fall?
 The Irishman.
 Why should he not enjoy his brawl,
 The earth's sole individual?—
 No two of him alike at all—
 The Irishman.

I write this bit of rhyme to praise
 The Irishman,
 Whose heart and brain are both ablaze,
 The Irishman;
 Whose brain no bother can amaze,
 Whose heart ne'er flinched in evil days,
 May God expand his race, and ways :
 The Irishman !

ROLL ON.

Roll on Old Time! another fellow urged you
thus before;

And I repeat it now for fear that you
Might take it in your head to stop before
our door,

For no one knows what next you mean
to do.

Roll On!

You needn't scorch to bust yourself, but
keep your pace a-jig,

Nor dawdle like a roller on macadam
To surely crunch the little as you surely
crunch the big—

You remember you began with Father
Adam.

Roll On!

Here, get a waggle on you, for you're
resting on my toe!

Roll on Old Time; you heard what I
have said;

For your chariot is heavy, and you're
driving mighty slow—

What? I ought to thank my stars it's
not my head!

Roll On!

You did some fury-driving in the realms
of the Tzar,

And your wheels were with the blood
of Russians' clogged;

But it seems that in Australia there's across
your track a bar,

Or is it just my fancy that you're bogged?

Roll On!

The ruts you think are many for your
heavy springless car?

Well, rush across 'em! Hang it, let her
rip!

Are your nerves so beastly shaky through
the centuries of jar

That you find yourself afraid to use your
whip?

Roll On!

Is the danger-chasm yawning as you slowly,
surely near it?

Then rush it with a risk of sudden smash,
For it's better far to gallop with the chances
that you clear it

Than to flounder, faint, and flop in with
a splash.

Roll On!

So get a move upon you, make this day
some other date,

And throw away your caution and your
doubt,

For if you see yourself brought up before
a magistrate

You'll be fined a quid for loitering about.

Move On!

* * *

MISFIT SPRING.

The spring has slipped upon the slide
Of sloppy winter, with a slump;
It should have come in with a glide
Instead of coming with a bump.

I'll dare old Fate and shake him dice,
Or fight a "nocent waterspout;"
But can a fellow sing on ice,
When muses scratch their heads in doubt?

I live where soot and cinders fall,
And wouldn't know a bud of spring
From bottled vinegar and gall,
Or any non-commercial thing.

Amid the sordid traffic's hum
Men rush about like driven rats;
The coarse voiced slattern in the slum
Is screeching at her wayward brats.

But still I know the spring is here
To shoo my spirit off the fret—
I learnt it from a poster near:
"Spring bonnets at—" (This space to let.)

SPRING IN THE SUBURBS.

The little urchins wrangle
 With spirit in their squalls,
 And there's music in the mangle,
 While the tinware seems to spangle
 All a-jangle on the walls.

There's sweetness in the snapping
 Of the father at the kids,
 And there's softness in the flapping
 Of the mother's hand a-slapping
 For faults that she forbids.

The jam-tins gleam and glisten
 As they linger in the lane;
 And it's beautiful to listen
 To the gab of that or this 'un
 As he tells his ache or pain.

There's gladness in the shutter
 As it dances in the sun,
 And the onion in the gutter
 Seems to say "let's have a flutter!"
 To the cheerful scrap of bun.

Oh, everything's attractive,
 And oh, everything's a-cheer;
 The fleas are getting active—
 And I know the Spring is here!

* * *

THE LILT OF A 22 FOOTER.

Oh, the harbor is a-shimmer
 In the kissing sunbeams' gladness,
 And the skipper is a sinner
 With volcanoes in his patter,
 As he orders us to trim her
 When the homing run seems madness;
 For it's drier out than in her,
 And the dipper is a-clatter.

"Now, then! up aloft a shinner—
 Damn you! haul the mains'l flatter."
 And the fin her list makes glimmer in the
 day!
 But we skim her in a winner,
 For the skipper keeps us at her;
 She's a ripper, clipper—strip her, and
 hooray!

WILD GASTRONOMY.

There's ham grease on the moonbeams
 bright,
 The cook is agitated;
 A flock of souls have taken flight
 Of hens assassinated;
 The calf has died and gone to pie;
 (The slaughter axe is gappened).
 The sausage lifts its voice on high.
 For Christmas time has happened.

Plum duff bombardments now commence
 To make surrender sorrow;
 And see the housewife o'er the fence
 The cup of dripping borrow.
 And he who good digestion has
 Hears music to amuse him—
 The cawing of the rooster as
 The kitchen maid pursues him.

The yard presents a gory sight;
 The air is full of slaughter;
 The pullet has to die to-night!—
 The rooster's only daughter!
 With armour-plated pies a-march
 Are chain-mail tarts sardonic,
 While Little Mary's looking "arch"
 At indigestion chronic.

The poet in his frenzy sees
 The custard dithyrambic;
 Hears many mutton melodies
 In murmurings iambic.
 The seas'ning bard his muse employs
 On gorgeous lines in groups, sir—
 Finds elegies in saveloys
 And sad, sweet songs in soup, sir.

With fantasies in flounders fried,
 And triolets in truffles.
 The shudder legends are supplied
 The way the jelly shuffles.
 The strong appeal of hot stuffed veal
 Will furnish written dreams of it:
 The hog that's young (without the squeal),
 Supplying reams and reams of it.

Such things to eat as jumbuck's feet
 Speak not to classes upper,
 When late at night at stall in street
 They make Bohemian supper.
 So let us lift our minds above
 Such bourgeois kinds of dishes,
 And dream of quail and pluvis dove,
 Of "frost" and other fishes.

How lightly lilts the luscious lark;
 A verse to pork is cherished;
 The hen is plucked of feathers stark,
 All peacefully she perished.
 How vast and fine and glad the flow
 Of prog verse—never driblets—
 Oh, harmony in haricot!
 Oh, symphony in giblets!

Let dreams æsthetic cease to be
 In gastronomic diction,
 (And caviare appears to me
 A festivated fiction).
 For bound unto the nation's heart
 Plum pudding lives forever,
 By silken bonds no stodgy tart
 Nor pie can ever sever.

* * *

O'MAHER KIAMA.

Into the matrimonyal lucky bag
 You dip; you draw a blank, and then you
 nag;
 You wish you had not played the game at
 ali,
 But whin you gamble, be prepared to fall.

Suppose you draw a prize, well—what of
 that?
 A clockwork monkey soon falls very flat;
 It's six to four in "ponies" would I plank
 You'd swap your prize for someone else's
 blank.

It's aisy now for you to say "What rot!
 I have a prize and wouldn't change my
 lot."
 Of coorse, you have no raison fur to mourn,
 For you're a blank that someone else has
 drawn.

HALF AN AMBITION.

Oh, hand me down half of the stars in the
 heavens,
 And leave all the rest of them gummed
 on the roof,
 For the Christmas season has come with
 its leavens,
 When all of us ought to be after the 'oof;
 When rhymes should be running, and ring-
 ing, and rippling,
 In strains that should strike you and
 stagger you stark;
 For credit for Campbell, and Keats, and
 for Kipling—
 Well, let us consider them left in the dark.

So hand me the stars in response to my
 hymning,
 And don't be afraid that I want them to
 shine—
 Their radiance merely I want to be dimm-
 ing;
 But let me say, half of the heavens is
 mine!
 The earth I have captured in boodle and
 renty,
 And so my contempt for it falls into
 rhyme;
 I crave to be playing with planets in plenty;
 Ambition's development! Ain't it sublime?

You've heard me recount with some painful
 persistence
 My stories of fighting, of love, and of
 Greece;
 The darkest of patches in human existence
 Are moments of smoodging for honourless
 peace!
 But let us not halt in the pace to philo-
 sophise,
 (Being profound is a bit of a curse).
 The man who is blind is afflicted with loss
 of eyes;
 He that can see is afflicted with worse!

But hand me the stars in their glory and splendour—

A fifty-per-cent of celestial gift—

I'll squander the lot, and I'll go on a bender,
And wait till the next fellow gives me
a lift!

I see that you fancy my greed is suspicious,
Rewarding my craving with cynical laugh;
Well, surely, you can't say I'm over
ambitious,

For all that I asked for is only a half.

* * *



THE SHE-TOPUS.

Oh, She-topus beautiful, supple of tentacle,
Crushing your worshippers all in conventicle;
Fools are bewitched at the sight of your
blush—

Why don't they go early avoiding the crush?
Oh, She-topus, I'm not a man to go rushing;
But save me a crush or two (2)
Next time you're Crushing!

THE NORTH SEA ISLAND NATIVE.

The North Sea Island native has a lion on
his banner,

For the lion is the symbol of the Briton;
There is a lot of lion in his nature and his
manner,

And there's also any quantity of kitten.

He'll threaten annexation on the slightest
provocation,

And his daily conversation is on war;
When his lion's tail is lashing in the face
of all creation.

You will hear his lion roaring with a
"haw."

There's a deal of bull about him when there
is some easy fighting on—

The North Sea Island native he is canny—
But what is that which stops him when
a danger he is lighting on?—

The mild and gentle, diplomatic nannie.

When his bull is all a-bellow it is blended
with the bleating

Of the peaceful little nannie of the Briton;
When the lion strikes reverses 'tis the
nannie that is fleeting,

And the angered bull is but a spitting
kitten.

So here's to Johnnie Nannie, who's for
fight or for apology,

With Bull and Lion, Nannie Goat and
Kitten;

And let us not forget, while we admire his
big zoology,

The mewings and the bleatings of the
Briton.

* * *

NERVE WRECKER.

A Sydney tram-car goes with a "whizz,"
Starts with a moan, and stops with a "fizz,"
Runs from a shriek to a long-drawn "zizz".

Sydney tram-car,

Jar-car, jam-car,

Crush-car, cram-car,

Shock-car, sham-car—

Oh, what a damn car that car is!

LAVE GO THE EYE AV ME.

Maginnis and McAfferty were in the corporation—

A pair of dacent aldermen of wealth and reputation,

They were friendly to each other until one fatal night

They had an altercation which resulted in a fight,

McAfferty proposed, he did, that trousers be supplied

To the statues in the park, when Maginnis up and cried

That he thought a coat of whitewash would suit 'em just as well;

Then, after five and twenty rounds,
We heard Maginnis yell—

“Let go my eye, McAfferty,

It's agin' the law, ye know,

Let go my eye. McAfferty:—

Bad cess to you, let go!

It won't stretch any further;

You'll pull it out—oh, murder!

Let go my eye. McAfferty, let go!”

The Mayor and all the aldermen wor greatly agitated.

But devil a bit if all av 'em could get 'em separated,

They fought in all positions—oh, I thought that I should die—

And all the while McAfferty held Maginnis by the eye.

“Are you opposed to throusters?” said McAfferty.

“Wid anything that'll plaze ye,” said Maginnis, “I'll agree,”

You can dress the statues up wid pants, wid collar, hat and tie.

Wid boots and socks, McAfferty, if you'll let go my eye.

STRUGGLE FOR INVENTION.

Can anybody tell us if
 We're likely yet to find
 The private bar and motor car
 And pickle jar combined?
 The ceasing of our sorrows at
 A friendly fellow's wish,
 Or moonshine mixed with hurdy-gurdy,
 Metaphor and fish?

Can anyone imagine, oh!
 Can anybody say
 Shall superseded humpty-de-dum
 Make ethics out of hay?
 Or shall we see a pocket-knife
 With corkscrew and the rest—
 A trip to Manly, phonograph.
 And plaster for the chest?

The time is fast approaching
 When by just a button press
 We'll vote, and pray, and work, and play,
 And think, and drink, and dress.
 Then all attractive woman-kind
 Shall constant ever be—
 The cuttle-fish by logarithms
 Shall learn to climb a tree.

When politics and pills and things
 We'll all be far above:
 When enemies shall crush us
 By gentility and love;
 When labour's done by wind and wave,
 And when we've learnt to fly,
 We'll puzzle for the softest
 And the swiftest way to die.

Can anybody tell us if
 'It's wise to be a fool,
 Or whether "notwithstanding"
 Should be "mostly as a rule?"
 Does anyone know anything?
 We cannot tell as yet.
 But the simple fool's a wiser man
 Than wisdom's special pet.



GUESS.

The Diver landed on the reef beneath the
 sunlit sea.
 When suddenly was blotted out the light
 mysteriously,
 And a voice of simple sweetness in a cadence
 of caress,
 With a roguish little quaver and a ripple,
 whispered "Guess!"
 The Mermaid peeped into his face; then
 shrank away in flicks
 With, "Pardon me! I thought you were a
 dolphin doing tricks!"

STRANDED.

He started off from Sydney with the
 Scramble-out Brigade:
 The management was genial, but it hardly
 ever paid.
 They flitted over gullies, and they flitted out
 of pubs;
 They skidded down the mountains, and they
 scampered through the scrubs.
 But the road beyond was heavy, over count-
 less miles of sand—
 The road from Bullock Blazes to the Never
 Never land.
 The man above referred to was a young
 ambitious chap
 Who'd never sounded misery, but lolled in
 pleasure's lap.
 His future glinted brightly, and his fortune
 seemed as made
 As he took his first engagement with the
 Scramble-out Brigade.
 Oh, joy of rushing on to say: "No, damn
 me if you do!"
 As the villain tells a woman, "Then, by God
 I'll force you to!"
 It thrilled him at the Gil-ghi Flat, he
 glowed at Groggy Creek,
 But the scene began to pall on him when
 done six times a week.
 His artificial fury was a noise, and nothing
 more,
 Which couldn't be convincing even down
 at Bungendore.
 On reaching Jumping Sandhills, where the
 Mallee hens are hatched,
 They paid him with a promise and they told,
 him he was "scratched."
 A hundred miles from anywhere the Jump-
 ing Sandhills stand,
 And on the road to Nowhere, in the Never
 Never Land.
 He wasn't only stranded in that distant,
 barren hell,
 Through years of patient agony he 'silted
 up' as well.
 He started trapping rabbits, as a means
 of livelihood,
 And teaching "Little Jim" to kids and
 cutting billet-wood.

His hair was grey and scanty when he
 started back to town
 In the blazing days of summer when the
 wool was going down,
 And lighting out to "pad the hoof" across
 the waste of sand,
 He cursed the Jumping Sandhills in the
 Never Never Land.

* * *

SELL-A-DA-BANAN.

I crass-a da sea from my swit Italee,
 To great-a big Austrail I coom;
 I pack-a me trunk, an da org, an da monk-a,
 Dis Koontry got plenty-a rroom.
 I get da broke heart from-a shove-a de cart,
 An no mon, when da music is stop—
 I get-a so shrunk from da org and da monk-a
 I take-a da little-a shop.

No more-a da org, an no more-a da monk-a
 Dis Koontry a vera goud wan—
 My wife-a by gosh-a
 She shak-a da squash-a,
 I sell-a da Fidgee banan.

You pipples say "rollin stuns mak-a no
 hay;
 De last-a bird miss-a da grub;"
 No more-a me yank-a da org all-a day,
 But I just give da apples a rub.
 I love-a like angels my swit Italee,
 An not make-a there-a da "splosh."
 But Austrail!—Oh, plees-a jist excuse-a me;
 Mariana? here, serv-a two squash.

No more-a da roll-a da grind-a da play
 An "rouse"-a da monk-a da cranky all day;
 No more-a da org an no more-a da monk-a,
 Dis Koontry a vera goud wan—
 My wife-a by gosh-a
 She shake-a da squash-a
 I sell-a da Fidgee banan.

SONG OF THE SURFER.

Swish swash, swish swash, in the surf all
a-tumble,

The breakers arriving with rythmical
rumble,

The briny a-swilling you

Ozone a-filling you—

Think of the glee of it!

Give me a spree of it!

Green, opalescent and foamy the crest of 'em
Ocean hath charms, and the breakers the
best of 'em.

Give me the surf in the summer, swish
swash.

Swish swash, swish swash—oh, give me a
swirl of 'em

Cooped in the curl of 'em, feeling the hurl
of 'em.

Shooting to shore in a frenzied elation
And knowing there's something worth while
in Creation.

The sweep of the roller has something that's
blest of it;

Vigor and vim in the crash of the crest of it.
Oh, how I long to be there, and abreast
of it,

Rocking in revelling riot in zest of it,
Give me the sea in the summer, swish swash

Swish swash, swish swash, 'tis the the briny
inviting me;

Sydney is blighting me, editors fighting me,
creditors biting me.

Give me embracing of rollers a-racing,
And foamers a-gracing the stretch of the
beach,

Oh, Manly, ones nerves, on thy shores, get
a tonic—

'Twould sparkle up life in a corpse that
is chronic.

Oh, exhilaration of zephyr and comber,
Ozonic aroma on gleaming sand reach,
And all that is sordid must vanish in spray.
Oh, take me to Manly and wash me away.

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

Of all the places on this earth
 There's none like Somewhere Else;
 I love the city of my birth,
 But not like Somewhere Else.
 I understand what home is worth,
 It's palling peace and weary mirth—
 When local blisses are a dearth,
 Oh, take me Somewhere Else!

For what do we so often sigh?
 Alluring Somewhere Else;
 I've been to Rome and Boggabri,
 But give me Somewhere Else.
 From everywhere we seek to fly,
 A better atmosphere to try,
 And when we've all gone up on high
 We'll long for Somewhere Else.

* * *

THE CURSING COMPETITION.

If you should want bigger
 Words, fuller of vigour,
 Than those of young Malachi Hutton,
 The pride of Blue Dingo
 For luridest lingo,
 May I stick in my tracks, you're a glutton.
 When Blasphemous Sandy
 Came over to bandy
 Some words for the belt, and a "cuddy,"
 His speech was assorted,
 But (briefly reported)
 He chiefly resorted to—ruddy!
 Well, Malachi beat him,
 And took him to treat him,
 And wagered to meet him with start the
 next day;
 But, alas! in his training,
 Broke down, overstraining,
 Which left him complaining in hopeless
 dismay!
 This awful affliction
 Befalling his diction,
 And switching of fiction to win the pelf
 with,
 He raged in dumb blither!
 The why and the whither?
 He hadn't a curse left to bless himself with!

THE BURDEN OF THE AUSTRALIAN POET.

See the poor Pegasus, girth-galled and jaded,
too,
Coat of a faded hue, hair standing slant-
ingly,
Seeking encouragement; lame, and with
lampas, too—
Direst of dampers to singing enchant-
ingly.

Tied up to every pub, feeding on paling
fence,
While there go sailing hence colts to
Parnassus up—
Gaily they prance in their coats of the
glitter style,
He sips the bitters while they lap
molasses up.

No embrocation to rub his raw wither on—
Lets the thing slither on, thinks it not
loss any;
Spavined, string-halted! his road not the
beaten way!
Recollect eatin' hay? Think he's Mne-
mosyne?

Mile-a-day stages up all he can travel at,
Nourished on gravel at places hospitable;
Straddled by heavy-weight using a flail on
him;
Back like a rail on him—hardly as sittable.

Never a pat from the hand of a man at all;
Curses, oppressions, affliction and woe!
Looking back, seeing all, shocks him to scan
it all—
Devils did plan it all! On he must go!

Sandflies inciting him, horse fleas are biting
him;
Hillsiders, sighting him, up and drop clods
on him;
Slowly he travels, but never obliquely, while,
Bearing it meekly, smile all of the gods on
him.



Burdened by "Jim" of the moribund narrative,

Odes of comparative hell in topography—
 Never a battlement, casement, or hatchment
 To claim his attachment from dingo—
 wild-dogography!

Mighty the obstacles he gets abreast of, eh?
 Seeking the crest of a mountain precipitous

All of them suffer who seek to beguile us,
 though,

Just like Æschylus, Poe, ME, and Euripides.

See the poor Pegasus, lathers of sweat on him

(Ne'er a regret on him), scorning to stop!
 Escaping the branders, clean-skinned he
 meanders,

And dies with the glanders on reaching
 the top!

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Now, Venice stands all night and day
 Right up to here in water, O:
 But some young fellow swam away
 With Shylock's only daughter, O.

Old Shylock ran a "mosker plotch"
 Where any Venice youth. when broke,
 Could pop his sun-di'l (ancient watch)
 Or put his Sunday suit in "soak."

One fellow who had pawned his breast,
 His Christian name Antonio,
 Said. "Sorry. Shylock; being press'd
 I cannot pay the loan I owe."

Old Shylock answered, "Then, by gosh,
 I'll cut the flesh from bone-io,
 And gratify (and blow the splosh!)
 The nark I owe Antonio!"

The case was called, and got involved
 In bleak and black obliquity,
 And judgement on a "tart" devolved—
 Strange justice of antiquity!

The pledge is mine! however rash
 Antonio to risk it, O
 Old Shylock said. "I want no cash—
 I want one pound of brisket, O!!!"

They jewed the Jew out of his dues
 On legal technicality;
 And argument cannot excuse
 Antonio's rascality!

A craven he to shirk the bill!
 Can anybody doubt it, eh?
 The question is whatever will,
 Shall, can we do about it, eh?

HAMLET.

Young Hamlet was a prince insane,
Who suffered with the "blues" too,
The sad son of a ruling Dane,
Who ruled well when he choose to.

His uncle—so they all surmise—
Got faithful with his mater;
He'd throw her looks that galvanize—
With flattery inflate her.

One day (I now forget the date)
His uncle killed his dad
With corrosive sublimate,
Which made young Hamlet madder.

A ghost advised him to procure
Revenge for this and hurry
To take a patent bilious cure,
And clear his mind of worry.

He caught the king upon his knees,
But did not, for some reason,
Upon the chance to kill him seize—
It must have been close season.

But when he did begin to churn,
Then all the neighbours died;
The morgue was full before his turn—
They sat on him outside.

The Coroner of Elsinor
Was smitten fairly dizzy;
He said "I never had before
A day so beastly busy."

One citizen there did remain,
And on his feet up riz he:
"Our prince is here among the slain,"
"Go hon—you don't say—his he?"



ROMEO AND JULIET.

Miss Capulet met Montague,
 And heaved some girlish sighs at him;
 She loved him very deep and true,
 And made those goo-goo eyes at him.

And he returned her passion strong
 (Well, who could show surprise at him?)
 But, oh! how very rash and wrong
 For her to heave her sighs at him.

Her cousin, Tybalt, out of breath,
 Went jabbing with his sword at him,
 But didn't bargain for the death
 That Romeo accorded him.

The angry Capulets all fussed.
 And went to work to grieve the clown,
 And Romeo was given just
 A day or so to leave the town.

Returned, by Friar's bidding led,
 He found his girl within a tomb
 But knew not she was kidding dead
 Although her cheek was still abloom.

He killed himself so very dead
 On thinking he was rid o' her.
 When Juliet woke up and said
 She'd make the corpse a widower.

The story points, in being true.
 A social sort of moral:—
 That through the murdered spoonery two
 A great advantage did accrue
 To Capulet and Montague
 In squashing of their quarrel.

* * *

 PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

The pilgrim sate him down and thought
 (Few questions e'er could muddle him);
 At pilgrimage he'd delved and wrought,
 With ne'er a girl to cuddle him.

Now, "Venus and Adonis" he
 Had read with much velocity;
 He marvelled that a boy could be
 Devoid of girl's precocity.

He said, "If wench (Oh, hear me Fate!)
Should offer me such bonus,
I swear I would not imitate
The conduct of Adonis !

"If she said, 'Seek for stars let us
In fallen logs that hollow be.'
Think you I'd plead a previous
Appointment with a wallaby?"

Oh, pilgrim wise, 'neath Cupid's ban
What boots your love audacious ?
For woman loves the simple man,
And rarely the sagacious.

The more men know of womenkind
The more do women doubt 'em ;
And women love us more, you'll find,
The less we know about 'em.

* * *

IN DRY COUNTRY.

At the ooze-patch over yonder—
That's the shanty off the river
Where the grog is flavoured barb-wire,
And the water is cement—
Did he drink, and did he squander
Till an alcoholic shiver
Shooting shudders through his liver,
He subsided somnolent.

Near the ooze-patch over yonder
Is a grave the cattle trample,
And the name of him who sleeps there
Is ne'er mentioned by a soul.
If, perchance, that way you wander,
And you're guided by example—
Well, the only sober citizen
Was planted in that hole.

□ □ □

HOW NOBODY WON.

They ran a race at One-eyed-Dog,
 The prize a ton of spuds;
 They bet with onions, hay, and grog,
 They backed 'em with their duds;
 They wagered cows and calves, and glue,
 They plunged in butter-milk;
 The owners were a motley few
 Who never sported silk.

They started at a hollow tree,
 And then began the fun;
 The race was hardly what you'd see
 At distant Flemington.
 The rules were very few indeed,
 But just to save all doubt,
 The race committee had agreed
 To scribble these few out.

The course shall be according to
 The Law of Libel laid,
 And black pays double that of blue,
 When loo'd you're not old maid,
 The spot is barred, the highest deals,
 A no-ball is a "plute,"
 The jib-hand settles all appeals,
 Don't fudge before you shoot.

In playing Hamlet don't run stiff
 Until the whistle sounds,
 No smoking in the tramcar if
 The trumps*are out of bounds.
 When burst lead left and cut the deck
 In football on the ice:
 You mustn't throw when giving check,
 Nor dribble with two dice.

They started on next Monday week,
 They're coming down the straight;
 "Off side! off side!" hear Duggan shriek,
 "They've taken all my bait!"
 "Off side! off side!" young Wilkie cried;
 "I'm snookered!" yelled O'Hair;
 "Ah, you've revoked! and that's a wide!"
 Came whizzing through the air.

The umpire loo'd a horse or two;
 The owners make a fuss;
 The bowler didn't chalk his cue,
 And so he missed the 'bus.
 The crowd was in a fury
 As it yelled for "Matadore!"
 But the verdict of the jury
 Was, "euchred, leg before!"

The sixteen pip wins in a walk!
 No, no, great Scott! he's burst;
 The single sticks are all in balk
 And cannot get home first—
 The judge, his main-sail lowered and furled,
 Then anchored to a log,
 And no one in the wide, wide world
 Had won at One-eyed-Dog.

* * *

COMBANNING.

I like to talk of ancient Greece
 And other perished nations,
 Who never seemed to keep the peace
 With neighboring relations.

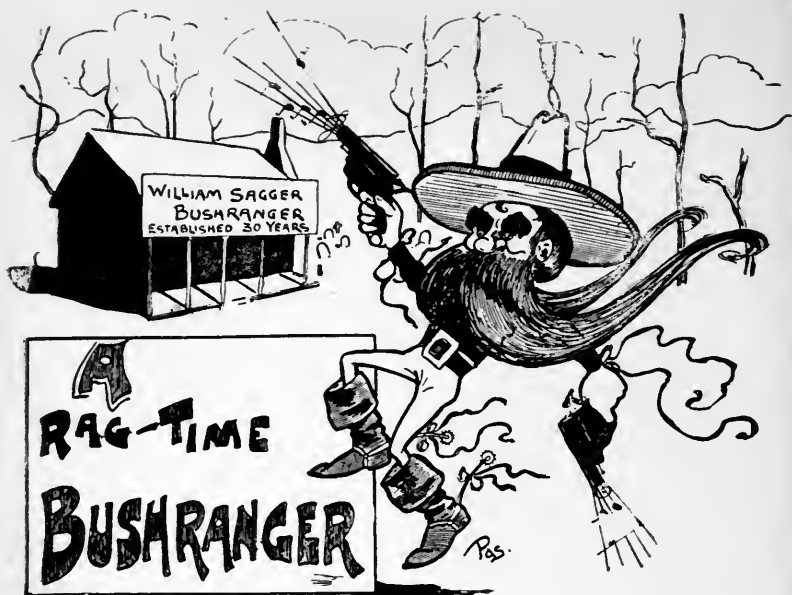
I often think of Florence as
 A non-commissioned heaven,
 Wherein the soggy artist has
 A baking-powder leaven.

On minarets I oft dilate
 With learned intonation,
 But let me tell you while you wait,
 It's only affectation.

My brain is roaming o'er the earth,
 My eye all places scanning,
 My soul is with my place of birth,
 My heart is at Combanning.

No moisture falls, no mountain breath,
 Thy arid waste is fanning;
 But still my heart is yours till death,
 My brave birthplace, Combanning.

Each dreary year grows worse and worse
 With drought that is unmanning—
 But how I love thee for thy curse,
 My desolate Combanning!



Away up Wagga Wagga way
 There happened once a thing
 That might have happened anywhere
 In Summer or in Spring;
 But let me sorely slog away
 Before your mind to bring.
 The woeful thing up Wagga way,
 In jigger-way, and jogger-way,
 And anyway. I'll sing.

Should you not like the style of this,
 Just tell me when to stop.
 For I can write a mile of this
 Until the readers drop.

There was a man up Wagga way
 With pistols got his bread, he did;
 He lured his victims all astray,
 And then he killed them dead, he did.
 And made the roads run red, he did—
 At least the papers said he did.

He buried them in bog away,
 And stole like horrid dog away.
 And slid, and hid,
 'Tis said he did
 This monster, way up Wagga way.

He lurked about the silent bush,
 Till everyone was scared a bit,
 Because he was a man of push,
 A trader trading with a woosh;
 And yet he never cared a bit.
 But then, of course, he dared a bit.

He'd never feel a pang at all,
 But just rush out and bang at all
 With rapid fire revolver, oh;
 He killed them while he smiled as well
 (Although perhaps as riled as I),
 His name was Sagger, styled as well,
 "Society Dissolver," oh.

The merest circumstance to him,
 The killing of a chap or two—
 For villainee of low degree,
 He'd give the worst a "lap" or two.



He killed an actor just for fun,
 A chap who sawed the air about;
 But wasn't blamed for killing one
 Whom nobody could care about!
 He also captured thereabout.
 A painter painting trees and things,
 He swung him by the hair about,
 And killed him. Who could care about
 An art that doesn't reason things?

His crimes were great and various,
 His greed for gore grew greedier;
 He'd murder round precarious—
 They'd fill (his acts nefarious)
 A big encyclopedia.

To think of such a creature
 Well, my very rhythm halts
 But he'd one redeeming feature,
 In among a mass of faults
 He never, never, never hummed the Merry
 Widow Waltz.

* * *

WHEN THE CATTLE BREAK AT NIGHT.

We are camping on the Bulla, and we're
 settled for the night,
 And our mob of overlanders, all aslumber,
 are a sight
 That soothes the man on watch, who dreams
 of city private bars,
 As he keeps his lonely vigil 'neath the
 distant Western stars,
 It's the time for soft reflections on the
 pretty girls in town,
 And other peaceful musings—
 That is when the mob is down.

But there comes an evil spirit in this life
 of never-rest
 That barter years of misery for moments
 that are blest,
 Whose reprisals are calamities, out strip-
 ping all increase,
 For a flashlight glimpse of ecstasy, or half
 a minute's peace;
 There's a time that strikes the bravest heart
 and freezes it in fright,
 As the land begins a-rocking
 When the cattle break at night!

We are camping on the Bulla, and the night
 is all a-hush
 Till the demon fires a bullock, and the
 cattle ring and crush;
 As their awful 'growing frenzy, sets the
 country side a-scare,
 Fierce bellowings reverberate and crack the
 very air!
 And then the mad on-rush with mouths
 aflashing flakes of white—

Oh, the lid is clean off Hades
When the cattle break at night!

The night-watch mounts his cuddy, and
the night-watch gulps his breath,
And he gallops with the leaders in the flying
ruck of death,
Through the crashing in the darkness,
through the tumult's mighty swell,
He sees not where he's riding, but he sees
the rim of hell!
Roaring thunder! bullocks blunder, falling
under in their flight—
But the night-watch gallops with them
When the cattle break at night!

Yes, the man is with the leaders in the
darkness, and the roar
Of clashing hoofs and crashing horns, with
God knows what in store;
As their terror-stricken roarings rend the
night from hill to hill
The stockhorse knows his business, and the
man is with them still!
So, here's to cattle drovers who have got to
swallow fright,
And to head the frenzied leaders
When the cattle break at night!

For the surge of maddened cattle in the
grim nocturnal flight
Is a thing to be remembered when the cattle
break at night;
If the stock-horse makes a blunder, it's
good-bye to girls and bars,
For a mother's son lies mangled 'neath the
distant Western stars!
And I tell you City fellows, if your nerves
want drawing tight,
Go and join the overlanders
When the cattle break at night!

TERRIBLE BAIL-UP.

The boldest bushranger
 Who ever met danger,
 And never would throw up his hands,
 Was "Terrible Bail-up"
 Who often would sail up
 And hail up the Mail up at Rand's.

His horse was his mate, or
 His friend, so no traitor
 Could "split" of that iron-bark tree
 Where, the roots of it under
 He buried his plunder
 A wonder, by thunder ! was he.

When the 'Blacks' found his tracks
 They put spurs to their hacks,
 In another direction to seek,
 And the mounted-police
 Sought seclusion and peace
 In the barracks they'd built up the creek.

His bullets were sure
 As one and one two are,
 He was doing good biz. at his trade,
 And a dreamy-eyed dove,
 Did he love with a love,
 That was ninety and nine in the shade.

She called him her "honey"
 Don't laugh, it's not funny,
 (Her name was Elizabeth Maud.)
 But as soon as she read
 The amount on his head
 She betrayed him and got the reward.

PIONEER DIGGERS.

When the surface revealed at the stroke of
the pick

That the bright yellow treasure abounded,
The prospectors' pulses beat hard and beat
quick,

As the prelude of fortune was sounded.

Then venturous spirits from every land,

With blood all afire, came advancing,
For the pioneer's heart was as stout as his
hand,

And his brain all aglow with romancing.

The pestle, the mortar, the primitive dish,

The whim, and the whip—now we wonder
At the up-to-date cage, with its rumble and
swish,

And the roar of the battery's thunder.

But here's to the diggers who peopled this
land

In the rugged and desperate past.

The future will honour their history grand,
While pluck and endurance shall last.

If the years that will come bring us men
such as they

Then God in our Commonwealth reigns.
But most of the feather-bed men of to-day
Turn the wheels of monotonous brains.

*

*

*

MY MAXIMS.

One good turn deserves another worm.

He is a wise man who knows anything—
and can prove it.

Only the deserving are crushed—deserving
to be.

If you do not yell at adversity now and
then people will think you relish it, and
wish you joy in it.

A hen with four legs might try to run
both ways at once, but the man with two
minds will try neither. If the hen should
fail (if she should, mind you) she cannot
be said to be an ignoble failure.

I do not know which is the worse for
man, excessive work or excessive drinking.
If I were asked to take my pick of the
two evils I would say, "Reader, guess to
suit yourself, and my opinion will match
yours."

Maxims are sometimes entertaining, but
mostly misleading.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.



"SPLINTERS ON THE WALL"

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by

"NARRANGHI BOORI"



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